Oh if you raiſe this houſe againſt his houſe,
It will the wofullest diuiſion prooue,
That euer fell vpon this curſed earth:
Preuent it, reſiſt it, and let it not be ſo,
Leaſt child, childs children crie againſt you woe.
North. Well haue you argued ſir, and for your paines,
Of Capitall treaſon, we arreſt you here:
My Lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge,
To keepe him ſafely till his day of triall.
May it pleaſe you Lords, to graunt the common ſuite,
Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender, ſo we ſhall proceed without ſuſpition.
Yorke. I will be his conduct.
Bul. Lords, you that are here, are vnder our arreſt,
Procure your Sureties for your daies of anſwere;
Little are we beholding to your loue,
And little looke for at your helping hands.

Enter King Richard

Rich. Alacke why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I haue ſhooke off the regall thoughts
Wherewith I raignd; I hardlie yet haue learnt
To inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbes?
Giue ſorrow leaue a while to tutor me to this ſubmiſſion:
Yet I well remember the fauours of theſe men,
Were they not mine? did they not ſometimes crie all haile
To me? ſo *Iudas* did to *Chriſt*; but he in twelue,
Found truth in all but one; I in twelue thouſand none:
God ſaue the King, will no man ſay Amen:
Am I both Prieſt and Clarke; well then, Amen.
God ſaue the King, although I be not hee,
And yet Amen, if heauen do thinke him mee:
To do what ſeruice am I ſent for hither:
Yorke. To do that office of thine owne good will,
Which tired Maieſtie did make thee offer;
The reſignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Harry Bullingbrooke*.
Rich. Seaze the Crowne.

Heere

Theſe lines in Italicks were all added since the edition in 1598.